

TALES
OF
OSCAR WILDE

GREAT STORIES IN EASY ENGLISH

S E P A C E S

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Great Stories in Easy English

Tales of Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde

Abridged and Simplified by

S. E. PACES

S.CHAND & COMPANY LTD

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Introduction

OSCAR WILDE (1856–1900), the famous Irish dramatist and poet, is best known for his witty comedies, the most popular of which are "*Lady Windermere's Fan*" and "*The Importance of Being Earnest*". He has also written a number of fairy stories, and the best of these are included in this book. They describe in a simple and poetic style happenings which are unreal and impossible but there is always a strong element of truth and wisdom in them. Some of them reflect the social discontent of the author's time, when class differences were greater than they are today.



1

THE HAPPY PRINCE

The statue of the Happy Prince stood high above the city, where it could be seen by all the citizens. It was covered all over with the finest gold. For the eyes, there were two splendid sapphires and there was a large red ruby in the handle of its sword.

It was very much admired by everyone.

"Why can't you be happy like the Happy Prince?" mothers said to their children when they cried. "The Happy Prince never cries about anything."

"I'm glad that there is someone in the world who is happy," a sorrowful man said as he looked up at the statue, and he felt that his heart was lighter.

"The Happy Prince looks just like an angel," said the school-children coming out of church.

"How do you know?" their teacher asked them. "How can you tell when you have never seen an angel?"

"Ah, but we have in our dreams," the children told him, and he looked quite angry because he did not like children to have dreams.

One night, a little swallow flew over the city. His friends had already flown to Egypt to spend the winter there but he had remained behind because he was in love with a very beautiful reed. He had met her early in the spring when he was flying down the river, and she had looked so lovely that he had stopped to talk to her. "This is a very silly affair," the other swallows said, "because she has no money and far too many relations," and, in fact, the river was quite full of reeds. Then when the autumn came, they all flew away. The

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little swallow stayed behind for some weeks but he grew tired of the reed who never had anything interesting to say. "Goodbye, my dear, I am off to Egypt," said the Swallow. And he left her without a single sigh.

All day long he flew, and arrived at the city late at night. "I hope I can find somewhere to sleep," he said to himself. Then he saw the statue, standing high above the city. "That's just the place for me," he decided. "A fine position, with plenty of fresh air and a very good view." He flew down to rest just between the feet of the Happy Prince. "I have a golden bedroom," he thought as he prepared to go to sleep. But then, just as he was putting his head under his wing, a large drop of water fell on him.

He looked up. "It is very strange," he said. "There is not a single cloud in the sky and the stars are shining bright, but it is raining. The winter in the north of Europe is really very bad." Then another drop fell on him. "What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said. "Well, I shall have to look for somewhere else to sleep." But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell. He looked up again and saw — Ah, what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears and tears were streaming down his golden face. He looked so sorrowful in the light of the moon that the little Swallow felt grieved for him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Then why are you crying? You have made me quite wet with your tears."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," the Prince explained, "I did not know what tears were. I never cried because I lived in a palace where sadness was never allowed to enter. In the daytime, I played with my friends in the

garden and in the evening I danced in the palace halls. There was a very high wall round the garden, but I never wondered what lay on the other side because everything on my side of it was so beautiful. Everyone called me the Happy Prince and indeed I was happy — if pleasure is the same as happiness. I was so pleased with my little world. Well, so I lived and so I died. And now that I am dead, they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and unhappiness of my city, and though my heart is made of lead, yet I cannot help but weep."

"Oh, so he is not solid gold. He's only gold on the outside," the little Swallow said to himself. He was far too polite to say such a thing out loud.

"Far away," said the Happy Prince in a soft sweet voice, "far away from here, there is a poor house in a little street. One of the windows is open and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and weary and her hands are red and tired. She is a needlewoman and she is sewing flowers on a silk dress for a noble lady to wear at a dance in the palace. Her little boy is lying ill in a corner of the tiny room. He keeps on asking for oranges but his poor mother has nothing to give him but river water, and so he cannot stop crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not take her the ruby out of my sword. My feet are fixed here and I cannot move."

"My friends are waiting for me in Egypt," said the Swallow. "They are flying up and down the River Nile and at night they are sleeping in the tombs of mighty kings among gold, jewels and things of marvellous beauty. They have been waiting for me a long time. I must go to them now."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not stay with me just for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty and his mother is so sad."

"I don't like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was flying over the river, some boys kept on throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course. We swallows fly too well for that, but still it was an unpleasant experience."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow felt very sorry for him. "It is very cold here," he said, "but I will stay with you for one night and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince. And so the Swallow pecked the great ruby out of the Prince's sword and flew away with it over the roofs of the town.

He passed over the church and heard the sound of singing. He passed over the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A lady was leaning out of a palace window, looking up at the stars. "I hope that my dress will be ready in time for the ball next week," she said, "but these needlewomen are so lazy."

The Swallow passed on, over the river, the shops and the banks which in the daytime were crowded with people buying and selling. At last he came to the poor little house and looked in. The boy was lying restlessly on his bed and his mother had fallen asleep in her great weariness. He flew in and dropped the great ruby on the table beside the woman's hand. Then he flew round and round the bed, cooling the boy's head with his wings. "How cool I feel now," said the boy. "I think that I am getting better," and he fell sound asleep.

The Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince and told him what he had done. "I don't know why it is," he said, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is really very cold."

"That is because you have helped someone," said the Prince. The little Swallow began to think about these words but he soon stopped thinking and fell asleep. Thinking always made him feel sleepy.

When day broke, the Swallow flew down to the river and had a bath. A very learned professor happened to be crossing the bridge at that moment and saw the bird. "How very extraordinary!" he cried. "A swallow in winter!" He wrote a long letter about it to the newspaper. For some time afterwards people were talking about his letter. They were deeply impressed by it and thought it extremely clever because it was full of long words that they could not understand.

"I shall fly to Egypt tonight," the Swallow decided, "and I ought to see the sights of the city before I set out." And so he paid a visit to all the most important buildings in the city and sat for a long time on the top of the church. Wherever he went, the other birds looked at him admiringly, and they whispered to one another, "What a very distinguished foreigner. Who can he be?" This made the Swallow feel rather proud of himself.

When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any message that you would like me to carry to Egypt for you?" he asked. "I am just setting out."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one more night?"

"My friends are waiting for me in Egypt," replied the Swallow. "The sun is shining there and the air is warm. I have to go."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I can see a young man in a cold attic. He is sitting at a table covered with papers, and in a glass at his side there is a bunch of dead flowers. His hair is brown and he has large dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the theatre but he is too cold to go on writing. There is no fire in his tiny room and he is weak with hunger."

"I will stay with you for one more night," said the Swallow who was very kind-hearted. "Have you another ruby

for me to take to the young poet?"

"I have no other ruby," said the Prince. "My eyes are all that I have left. They are made of beautiful sapphires which were brought from India a thousand years ago. Peck one of them out and take it to him. He can sell it to a jeweller. Then he will be able to keep his fire going and to buy food to eat. He will be able to finish his play and make his dream of fame come true."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow sadly, "I cannot peck your eye out. Don't ask me to do that." And he began to weep

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

The Swallow pecked out the Prince's eye and flew away with it to the young man's attic. It was easy enough to get in because the roof was full of holes. The young poet, who was sitting with his head buried in his hands, did not hear the bird's wings. When he looked up, he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the dead flowers.

"This must have come from a great admirer of my work," he cried. "I am beginning to be famous." And he set to work on finishing his play, feeling very hopeful and happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour where the seamen were loading and unloading ships that had come from all parts of the world. The sailors were singing and shouting to one another. Their excitement reached the Swallow and he cried out to them, "I am leaving, too. I am going to Egypt," but no one paid any attention to him.

When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I have come to say goodbye," he said.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay one more night with me?"

"It is winter," replied the Swallow sadly, "and soon it will

be snowing. In Egypt the hot sun is shining on the green palm trees. My friends are waiting for me. Dear Prince, I must leave you but I shall never forget you. And when I return in the spring, I shall bring you two very precious jewels in place of those which you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than the reddest rose and the sapphire as blue as the wide ocean."

"There is a little girl standing in the Square below us," said the Prince. "She is selling boxes of matches — that is how she earns her living. She has just dropped them all in a puddle of dirty water and they are spoiled. Her father will beat her cruelly if she does not bring any money home, and she is weeping bitterly. She has no shoes on her feet and her clothes are in rags. Peck my other eye out, and take it to her. Then her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you for one more night," said the Swallow, "but I cannot peck out your other eye. You would be quite blind if I did."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

Then the Swallow pecked out the Prince's other eye and flew off with it. When he came to the little match-girl, he dropped the sapphire into her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass!" cried the little girl, and ran home laughing.

The Swallow flew back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "and so I will stay with you always."

"No," said the poor Prince, "you must fly away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," repeated the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder and told him tales of what he had seen in strange lands far away. He told him about the strange red birds that stand in rows

on the banks of the River Nile, waiting to catch goldfish. He told him about the Sphinx, that ancient monument in the desert, with a head half-lion and half-man. Oh, he told him so many tales of merchants crossing the desert with their camels and their caravans! One wonderful story was about the great green snake that sleeps in a palm tree and has twenty men to feed it with sweet cakes

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me about marvellously strange things but I think that the strangest thing of all is the suffering of men and women and poor little children. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and come back and tell me the story of what you have seen there."

So the Swallow flew over the city and saw the rich feasting in their fine houses while beggars were starving at the gates. He flew into the dark and dirty lanes and saw the white faces of little children who were hungry and cold and miserable. Under a bridge, two little boys were lying in each other's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How cold we are, and how hungry!" they said. "Get out. You can't lie here," shouted the policeman, and he made them go out in the rain.

The Swallow flew back to the Prince and told him what he had seen.

"I am all covered with fine gold," said the Prince. "I want you to peck it off, little by little, and take it to my poor people. The living always think that gold can make them happy. That is not true but, at least, it can buy them food and warmth."

Little by little, the Swallow pecked off the fine gold till the Prince looked dull and grey. He carried the gold to the poor, and the children's faces became rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "Now we have something to eat," they shouted to one another excitedly.

Then the bitter cold winds brought snow and ice. The

streets were so bright and shining that they looked as if they were made of silver. Icicles hung down from the roofs. Rich people went about in furs.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder but he would not leave the Prince. He loved him too much to forsake him. He ate the bread crumbs that he found outside the baker's door and he tried to keep himself warm by beating his wings.

At last he knew that he was going to die. He had just enough strength to fly up on to the Prince's shoulder "Good-bye, dear Prince," he said weakly. "I have to leave you now."

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt," said the Prince. "You have stayed here too long. I shall miss you, dear little Swallow, because I love you."

"I am not going to Egypt," said the little Swallow "I am going to the House of Death. Perhaps that is better. Death is the brother of Sleep—'" Then he fell down dead at his feet.

At that very moment, a strange noise sounded inside the statue, a crack, as if something had broken. It was the leaden heart of the Prince which had broken right in two. Was it the frost? It was bitterly cold that night.

Early the next morning, the Mayor was walking in the Square with the Town Councillors. As they were passing the statue, the Mayor happened to look up at it. "How disgustingly old and dirty the Happy Prince looks!" he said. "The ruby has fallen out of his sword. His eyes have gone and so has all that gold which covered him. He looks more like a beggar than a prince."

"Yes, indeed. More like a beggar than a prince," said the Councillors, who always agreed with everything the Mayor said.

"And here is a dead bird at his feet," said the Mayor. "Disgusting!"

"Disgusting!" echoed the Councillors.

"All this pollution!" the Mayor went on in deep disgust. "Birds should not be allowed to die here. It must be forbidden in future."

"It must be forbidden in future," said the Councillors.

And so they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince.

"As he is no longer beautiful, he is no longer useful," they said

They melted the statue in a great fire and the Mayor summoned a meeting to decide what was to be done with the metal "We must have another statue, of course," said the Mayor, "and it shall be a statue of myself"

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they began to quarrel over the matter. So far as I know, they have not finished quarrelling yet

When the workmen were melting the statue of the Happy Prince, they found something strange: a broken lead heart that would not melt in the flames. They threw it on a rubbish-heap, where the dead-swallow was lying.

"Bring Me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His angels And the angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have chosen rightly," said God. "This little bird shall sing for ever in the Garden of Heaven and the Happy Prince shall honour Me in My City of Gold."



2

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her a red rose," said the young Student, "but there isn't one in all my garden." He sighed deeply. The Nightingale, in her nest in the old oak tree, heard his complaint, and she looked out through the leaves and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his eyes filled with tears. "I have read all that the wisest men have written on human happiness, and I believed them. But not now. Now I see that happiness depends on small things. Look at me! I am desperately unhappy simply because I cannot find a red rose."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night, I have sung of true love to the stars, and now, at



last, I see a true lover. His hair is as dark as the hyacinth and his mouth as red as the rose he desires, but sorrow has made his face as pale as ivory."

"There is going to be a ball at the palace tomorrow night," went on the young Student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose, she will dance with me till dawn. But I have no red rose to give her, and so I shall be sitting there all by myself. She will pass me by without a look or a word, and my heart will break."

"Here, indeed, is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "What is joy to me is pain to him. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than gold or jewels."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," murmured the young Student, "and play upon their instruments, and my love will dance to the music of the violin and the harp. She will dance so lightly that her feet will scarcely touch the floor, and the noble lords in their splendid clothes and sparkling jewels will gather round her. Oh, she is enchanting! But she will not dance with me because I have no red rose. I have no red rose to give her." He threw himself down on the grass, buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran by, with his tail sticking up in the air.

"Why? I wonder why?" murmured a Butterfly who was chasing a sunbeam nearby.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose?" they cried in astonishment. "How very silly!" And the little Lizard could hardly stop laughing.

But the Nightingale understood the Student's sorrow, and she sat quite still in the old oak tree, thinking about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings and flew away from

the old oak and over the garden. In the centre of the grass a beautiful Rose-tree was growing. The little Nightingale flew down and settled on its topmost branch. "Give me a red rose," she begged, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

The Rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered, "as white as the foam on the waves of the sea, and whiter than the snow on the mountain-tops. But go to my cousin who is growing round the old sundial and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the little Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sundial. "Give me a red rose," she begged, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

The Rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered, "as yellow as the corn at harvest-time, and yellower than daffodils in early spring. But go to my cousin who is growing just under the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the little Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree that was growing just under the Student's window. "Give me a red rose," she begged, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

The Rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it said, "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the coral growing in the South Seas. But the cruel winter has frozen my veins and killed my buds, and the fierce storm has broken my branches. I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the little Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," replied the Rose-tree gravely, "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," begged the little Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it

out of music by moonlight, and colour it with your own heart's blood. You must sing to me with your breast pressed hard against a thorn. All night long, you must sing to me until the thorn pierces your heart. Then your life blood will flow into my veins and become mine. A red rose will burst into bloom on my topmost branch. But you will not see it, little Nightingale, because you will be dead."

"Death is a high price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is sweet. Ah, how sweet it is to sit in the green wood and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold and the Moon in her chariot of pearl! And yet, Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings and flew back to where she had left the Student. He was still lying on the grass and his eyes were moist with tears.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy. You shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and colour it with my own heart's blood. All that I ask of you, in return, is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Reason and mightier than Power."

The Student looked up from the grass and listened. He quite failed to understand what the Nightingale was saying to him because he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the old Oak-tree understood, and he grieved because he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had made her home in his sheltering branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered. "I shall feel so lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water flowing drop by drop from a silver jug.

When she had finished her song, the Student got up, and



pulled a note-book and a pencil out of his pocket. "I must make a note of that," he said to himself, and he wrote:

"Without doubt, the Nightingale has some beautiful notes in her voice but they are without meaning and of no practical use. Her song has style but there is no feeling or sincerity in it. She is thinking only of the form of the song, that is, of her Art, and, like all Artists, she is supremely selfish."

Then he went to his room to lie down for a while and soon he was fast asleep.

That night, when the Moon was shining bright, the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree and pressed her breast against a thorn. All night long she sang with her breast pressed hard against the thorn, and the silver Moon bent down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn

went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood flowed away from her.

A wonderful rose appeared on the topmost branch of the Rose-tree, petal following petal as song followed song. At first, it was as pale as the mist that hangs over the river – as pale as the feet of the Dawn and as silvery as her wings. It was like the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver or in a pool of crystal water.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press harder against the thorn. "Press harder, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed harder against the thorn, and her song grew louder. A delicate glow of pink began to flush the petals of the rose but the heart of the flower was still quite white. The thorn had not yet pierced the heart of the little bird and only the Nightingale's heart's blood could redden the heart of the rose.

The Tree cried to the Nightingale to press harder against the thorn. "Press harder, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed harder against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart. A fierce pain shot through her tiny body and her song grew wilder. Now she sang of Love that never dies.

The wonderful rose became red: its petals were as red as the sunrise and its heart the colour of the ruby.

The song of the Nightingale now became fainter and fainter, her little wings began to beat the air helplessly, and a film came over her eyes. Weaker and still weaker was her sweet voice. But then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the Dawn and stayed on in the sky. The red rose heard it and, trembling with joy, it opened its petals to the fresh morning air. Echo carried the sweet

sound to her purple cave in the hills and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. The song floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now. Oh, how beautiful!" But the little Nightingale did not look, nor did she answer. She was lying dead in the long grass, with a thorn through her heart.

At noon, the Student opened his window, yawned, and looked out.

"What luck!" he cried. "Here is a red rose! And I have never seen a rose more beautiful in all my life. It is so lovely that I am sure it has a long Latin name." He leaned out of the window and picked the rose.

At once he ran to the Professor's house, with the red rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the porch and her little dog was lying at her feet.



"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," said the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in the whole wide world. Take it and wear it tonight when we dance together. It will tell you how much I love you."

The girl frowned.

"I am afraid that it will not go with my dress," she answered. "Besides, someone has sent me some real jewels, and everyone knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well!" cried the Student. "I think that you are most ungrateful." In his anger, he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the dirt, and a cartwheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" the girl cried angrily. "Let me tell you that I think you are the rudest person I have ever met. And, after all, who are you? Only a student, that's all. Why, I don't believe that you have proper dancing-shoes to wear at the ball." She got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is!" said the Student as he walked away. "It is not nearly as useful as Reason. Love is always telling us of things that are not going to happen, and making us believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite impractical, and in these days we must be practical. Well, I'll go home now and study mathematics."

So he went back to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

3

THE STAR-CHILD

Late one night two poor woodcutters were making their way home through a deep, dark forest. It was winter and bitterly cold. The snow lay thick upon the ground and upon the branches of the trees, and the river was still and silent under a thick cover of ice.

It was so cold that even the animals were complaining while the poor little birds could not understand it at all.

The wolf went walking through the forest with his tail between his legs. "Ugh!" he muttered, "this weather is dreadful. Tonight is the coldest night that ever was."

"Weet! weet! weet!" sang the little green birds, "the old Earth is dead and they have dressed her all in white for her grave."

"The Earth is going to be married and she is wearing white for her wedding," sang the brown and yellow birds.

"You're wrong," growled the wolf. "I tell you this is the coldest night that ever was, and if you don't believe me, I'll come and eat you all up."

It was dreadfully cold but, all the same, the owls were happy. They seemed to be enjoying it. Their feathers were covered with snow and ice, but they did not mind. They rolled their great yellow eyes and called out to one another across the forest, "Tu-whit! tu-whoo! What lovely weather we are having, aren't we?"

The two poor woodcutters walked on, their heads bent against the icy wind, stamping their feet and blowing hard on their hands to keep them from freezing. It was hard going. Time after time they fell down into the deep snow or slipped

on the ice so that they dropped the bundles of wood that they were carrying, and might easily have broken their limbs. At one dreadful moment, they thought that they had lost their way and they were filled with fear because they knew how cruel the snow is to those that sleep in her arms. But at last they came to the edge of the forest and there, deep down in the valley below them, they saw the lights of the village in which they lived.

They were so happy to feel that they were safe that they laughed out loud. At that moment the earth seemed to them a flower of silver, and the moon a flower of gold. Very soon, however, they stopped laughing. Laughter was a stranger in their lives. Their lives were too hard for merriment, and now they were astonished to find themselves laughing.

"What is the matter with us?" one of them asked. "We are laughing — laughing as if we were glad to be alive."

"Life is for the rich and not for poor people like us," said the other sadly.

"We should have been luckier if we had died of cold in the forest or if the wolf had eaten us."

"Truly," replied the other, "much is given to some, and little is given to others."

As they were talking to each other, a strange thing happened. A star went falling down the sky, and as they watched it, it fell behind some trees that were growing quite near them. They well knew that a pot of gold was to be found wherever a shooting star fell, and they ran towards the trees, excited by the thought of gold.

The younger of the two woodcutters ran faster than his companion and came first to the farther side of the trees. And there, indeed, something golden was lying in the white snow. He ran towards it and found a coat of golden cloth, covered all over with silver stars.



"It's here," he shouted in joy. "Gold, and silver as well."

When his friend came up to him, they sat down in the snow and opened the coat, ready to divide the pieces of gold between them in two equal shares. But there was neither gold nor silver in the coat. There was only a little child fast asleep.

Then one of them said to the other, "Here is a sad end to all our high hopes. What can we do with another child when we have not enough bread for our own? Let us leave the child here."

His friend answered him, "No, we cannot do that. If we leave the child here, it will freeze to death in the snow. I am as poor as you are and have as many children to feed but I shall take the child home with me, and my wife shall look after it."

So saying, he picked up the child carefully and wrapped

it up warmly in the golden coat. Then he carried it in his arms down to the village. His friend kept on saying how foolish he was but he did not take any notice of him.

When they reached the village, his friend said to him, "Look here, you are taking the child. You ought to give me the golden coat as my share of what we found."

"No," said the other, "The golden coat is neither mine nor yours. It is the child's." Then he left his friend and went to his house and knocked.

His wife opened the door and cried out joyfully when she saw that her husband had come home safely. She took his bundles of wood, brushed the snow off his boots and pulled him inside.

The man stood in the doorway and said to her, "I have found something in the forest and I have brought it to you so that you can look after it."

"What is it?" she cried.

He opened the golden coat and showed her the sleeping child.

"Alas!" she cried, "have we not enough children of our own to feed? And yet you bring one out of the forest. How are we going to look after it? And, who knows, it may bring us bad luck."

"My dear," he said, "it is a Star-child. Listen," and he told her the story of how he had found the child.

But she was angry. "We have not enough bread for our own children," she told him. "How do you think we can feed someone else's child?"

The man said nothing. He just stood there by the open door.

"Come in and shut that door," she cried in anger. "The cold wind is blowing in and I feel frozen."

"A cold wind always blows into a house where someone is

unkind," he said.

The woman did not answer but moved closer to the fire.

After some moments she turned round and looked at him and he saw that she was crying. Then he came in and placed the child in her arms. She kissed it and laid it in the little bed where her youngest child was lying asleep.

The next morning, the woodcutter took the amber necklace that the child was wearing round its neck and the golden coat and put them away in the old oak chest where he kept his best things.

The Star-child grew up with the woodcutter's children, sat at the same table, sharing their meals, and played with them in the gardens and fields of the village. Every year he grew more and more beautiful to look at and the people of the village wondered at him, they were black-haired and dark-skinned while he was as fair as a lily and his eyes as blue as the summer sky.

Alas! his beauty did him no good. Indeed it did him much harm, for it made him proud and cruel. He made fun of the woodcutter's children and the other children in the village, he looked down on them, saying that he was noble, the child of a star, but they, what were they? — low, common, stupid and ugly, born to be servants just as he was born to be their master. He had no pity in his heart for those who were ugly or weak or suffering. He mocked at the blind and the lame. He threw stones at beggars and drove them out of the village in such fear that they dared not return. He loved only beauty and himself. He used to sit for hours admiring the reflection of his face in the water of the well or a pool.

The woodcutter and his wife often said to him, "Why are you so cruel to others who are weak and unhappy? If we had been as cruel as you are, we should have left you to die in the snow." He only laughed at them.

The kind old priest used to send for him and say, "My son, all men are brothers, and equal in the sight of God. We must be kind to one another and help one another all we can. The animals and the birds in the forest are free. Do not take their freedom away from them. Do not catch them for your own pleasure. Do not torment them, as you do, cutting their wings and putting out their eyes. Ah, my son, why do you bring such pain into God's good world?"

The Star-child only laughed at him and ran off to play with his companions. They followed him wherever he went and followed his example in whatever they did. They admired him because he was so beautiful and he could fight, run, sing, dance and do everything better than they could. They obeyed him in everything, like slaves, and he was their evil master.

One day a poor beggar-woman came to the village. Her clothes were dirty and ragged, and her feet were cut and



bleeding from the sharp stones on the path, for she had no shoes. She sat down under a tree to have a rest.

When the Star-child saw her, he cried to his friends, "Look at that ugly, dirty old beggar-woman under that lovely green tree. Come on, boys, let us drive her away."

So saying, he picked up a stone and threw it at her, calling her many wicked names. The other boys did the same so the poor woman was terrified and shouted "Help! Help!" The woodcutter, who was working nearby, heard her and came running up. "Have you no pity in your heart?" he asked the Star-child. "Leave the poor woman alone. What harm has she done to you? Leave her alone, I say."

The Star-child grew red with fury. "Who are you to tell me what to do?" he shouted. "You are not my father. You leave me alone or you will be sorry."

"You are right," said the woodcutter, "I am not your father. If I were, I should be even more ashamed of you. But I have a right to speak. I was kind to you when I found you in the snow in the forest."

When the beggar-woman heard these words, she gave a loud cry and fell to the ground in a faint. The woodcutter carried her to his house where his wife looked after her, and when she felt a little better, they brought her something to eat and drink.

But she would neither eat nor drink. In great excitement, she asked the woodcutter, "Did you not say that you found the child in the forest? And did that not happen ten years ago this very day?"

The woodcutter replied, "Yes, it was in the forest that I found him and it was ten years ago today."

"And what did you find with him?" she cried. "Was he not wearing an amber necklace? Was he not wrapped in a golden coat?"

"Yes," answered the woodcutter, "he had those things when I found him. I have them still. Here they are!" He opened the old oak chest, took out the things and showed them to her.

When she saw them, she cried for joy and said, "He is my little son, whom I lost in the forest. I beg you, send him in to me at once, for I have wandered all over the world looking for him."

The woodcutter and his wife went outside and called the Star-child. "Go into the house," they said to him, "for there you will find your mother who is waiting for you."

The Star-child ran happily into the house. But when he saw the beggar-woman there, he mocked at her and asked, "Where is my mother? There is no one here but this beggar-woman."

"I am your mother," said the beggar-woman.

"You are mad to say so," cried the Star-child angrily. "I am not your son. I am the son of a star — not of an ugly, dirty old beggar-woman. Get out of here and never let me see your face again."

"You are my little son, whom I lost in the forest. Some robbers stole you away from me and left you there to die. I knew that you were my son as soon as I saw you, and when I saw the amber necklace and the golden coat. Come with me, my son, for I have wandered all over the world looking for you. Come, my little son, for I need your love." She fell on her knees in front of him and held out her arms imploringly.

The Star-child did not move or say one word. Not a sound was to be heard in the house but the sad sound of a woman crying as if her heart was broken.

At last the Star-child spoke, and his voice was hard and cruel. "If you really are my mother," he told her, "it would

have been kinder of you if you had stayed away from here. You have only come to bring shame on me. I thought that I was the child of a star and not a beggar's child, as you tell me I am. Go away, and stay away. Never let me see your ugly face again."

"Alas! my son," the poor woman said. "I will go away but will you not kiss me before I go? I have wandered so far and suffered so much to find you."

"No," answered the Star-child. "You are so ugly and so dirty that I would rather kiss a toad or a snake than you."

The poor beggar-woman went away into the forest, crying bitterly. The Star-child ran back to his companions, happy that she had gone and eager for a game.

When they saw him coming, however, they mocked and jeered at him. "You are not playing with us," they told him. "You are as dirty as a toad and as ugly as a snake. Go away. We shall not let you play with us any more."

The Star-child was astonished. "What are they saying? What can they mean?" he asked himself. Then he went to look at his reflection in the well. He saw that his face was like the face of a toad and his body like that of a snake. He was filled with a great hatred of himself. He threw himself down on the grass and wept bitter tears. At last, he thought, "This has happened to me because of my wickedness, because I have behaved so cruelly to my mother and have driven her away. Well, I will go at once and look for her. I will search through the whole wide world until I find her and get her forgiveness."

The youngest daughter of the woodcutter came up to him and said, "Never mind if you are ugly. It does not matter. Stay with us and I will play with you. Do not go away."

"I have to go," he answered her, "I have been cruel to my mother and you see how I have been punished. I am going to

wander through the world until I find her and ask her to forgive me."

The Star-child ran into the forest calling, "Mother! Mother, where are you? Come to me Forgive me, mother." But no one answered his sad cries. The birds and the animals remembered his cruelty towards them and kept far away from him.

That night he slept on a bed of leaves, and in the morning, he went on his way through the great forest. Whenever he met anyone, he asked, "Have you seen my mother?" but no one would help him because they could not forget his cruelty. They were glad to mock and jeer at him as he had mocked and jeered at them.

The Star-child cried bitterly and asked God's creatures to forgive him because he deeply repented of his evil deeds. Then he left the forest and went to search for his mother in the plain.

He passed through many villages, and in all of them, the children laughed at him and threw stones at him. For three years he wandered on, seeking his mother. There were times when he thought that he saw her on the road in front of him, and he called to her and ran after her, but she vanished like a dream. People he met told him that they had never seen her or anyone like her, and they laughed at him, saying that he was mad.

For three long years he wandered over the world, and in the world he found neither love nor kindness, for it was a world such as he had made for himself.

One evening he came to the gate of a walled city that stood on the bank of a river. He tried to enter but the guards pushed him back, demanding roughly, "What is your business in the city?"

"I am looking for my mother," he told them. "I beg you to let me enter. She may be here."

They laughed at him and made fun of him, and one of the guards said, "Your mother will not be very pleased to see you, for you are dirtier than a toad and uglier than a snake. Go away. Your mother does not live in this city." Another asked, "Who is your mother? Why are you looking for her?"

"My mother is a beggar, like me," the Star-child answered him. "I have treated her evilly. I beg you to let me enter so that I may ask her to forgive me if she is in the city."

They would not let him in and he turned away, crying. At that moment the captain of the guards happened to see him and asked what was the matter. "It is a beggar, the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away," they told him. The captain laughed. "I have a better idea," he said, "we will sell this ugly thing for a slave and we will ask for a bowl of wine in exchange." The guards laughed. "Any offers?" they shouted to the passers-by.

A wicked-looking old man happened to be passing by, and he called out, "I will buy him for the price of a bowl of wine." He paid and then he ordered the Star-child to follow him into the city. They passed through many narrow streets and came to a little door set in a high wall. The old man touched the door with a magic ring and it opened instantly. They went down five steps made of yellow brass into a garden which was filled with black flowers. Here the old man tied a bandage round the eyes of the Star-child so that he could not see where he was going, and led him on. When the bandage was taken off, the Star-child found himself in a dark prison.

"Eat," said the old man, giving him some dry bread. "Drink," he said, giving him some salt water. Then he went away, locking and bolting the door behind him.

Early the next day, the old man, who was the most wicked magician in the city, came to the Star-child and said, "There

are three bars of gold hidden in the wood by the south gate of the city. One bar is made of white gold, another of yellow and the third of red. Today you shall bring me the bar made of white gold, and if you do not bring it back, I will beat you without mercy. Go now and at sunset I shall be waiting for you at the garden gate. Remember, you are my slave and I bought you for the price of a bowl of wine." Then he tied a bandage over the eyes of the Star-child so that he could not see where he was going, and led him through the house, through the garden of black flowers and up the five steps of brass. Having opened the little door with his magic ring, he pushed him into the street. There he unbandaged his eyes. "If you fail me, you will be sorry," he said with an evil laugh.

The Star-child made his way to the wood as the Magician had ordered him. He entered it gladly because it seemed to be full of sweet-smelling flowers and singing birds. But he had hardly taken seven steps when he found that the wood was full of thorn bushes and stinging nettles which tore his flesh and stung him painfully. He searched from morning till noon and from noon till sunset but he did not succeed in finding the bar of gold. At sunset he turned his steps towards the edge of the wood, crying bitterly, for he knew that the Magician was going to beat him cruelly.

Suddenly, behind his back, he heard such a sharp cry of pain that he forgot his own sorrow and ran towards it to see what had happened. He found a little hare caught in a trap that a cruel hunter had set for it. He pitied the hare and set it free, saying, "I am only a slave but I am able to give you your freedom."

"Yes," the hare answered him, "you have given me my freedom. What can I give you in return?"

The Star-child answered, "I am searching for a bar of white gold but I cannot find it anywhere and if I do not bring it

to my master, he will beat me without mercy."

"Come with me," said the hare. "I know where it is hidden, and I know why." It led the Star-child to a huge oak tree and there, in a hole in the trunk, he saw the bar of gold. He was very pleased and thanked the hare, saying, "You have repaid me one hundred times over."

"Not at all," said the hare, "I have treated you as you treated me." Then away it ran while the Star-child went on his way towards the city.

At the gate of the city an old beggar was sitting. He was a leper and a most pitiful sight, for his face and his limbs were being eaten away by his dreadful disease. His face was so horrible that it was covered with a cloth, with two holes in it for his eyes to look out of. When he saw the Star-child coming, he cried out, "Help me or I shall die of hunger. They have thrown me out of the city and there is no one to help me."

"Alas!" cried the Star-child, "I have nothing in the world but this," and he showed the leper the bar of gold, "and it is my master's. If I do not bring it to him, he will beat me without mercy."

But the leper begged so piteously that the Star-child gave him the gold.

When he came to the Magician's house, the Magician was waiting for him at the garden gate. "Have you the bar of gold?" he demanded. "I have not," answered the Star-child. And so the Magician beat him cruelly. He set before him an empty plate and said, "Eat," and an empty cup and said, "Drink," and he threw him into his dark prison.

Early the next morning, the Magician came to him again and said, "Go to the wood by the south gate of the city and bring me the bar of yellow gold. If you do not bring it, I shall beat you even harder."

The Star-child went to the wood and searched all day for the yellow gold, but in vain. At sunset he sat down and cried, for he dared not return to his wicked master without finding the gold. The little hare that he had freed from the trap heard him crying and ran up to him.

"Why are you crying?" the little hare asked.

"I cannot find the bar of yellow gold that my master wants," said the Star-child. "I have been searching high and low all day but I have not been able to find it. Now I must return to him without it and he will beat me cruelly."

"Follow me," said the little hare, and it ran through the wood until it came to a small pool. "Look," said the hare, pointing. The Star-child looked and there, at the bottom of the pool, he saw the bar of yellow gold.

"How can I thank you?" said the Star-child. "This is the second time that you have helped me."

He dipped his hand into the pool and took the gold. Then he hurried to the city.

The leper saw him coming, tried to run to meet him and fell down at his feet. Stretching out his hands imploringly, he cried, "Help me or I shall die."

The Star-child said, "I have nothing but this piece of gold and it belongs to my master. If I do not bring it to him, he will beat me without mercy."

But the leper asked him so piteously for help that the Star-child gave him the gold.

When he came to the Magician's house, the Magician was waiting for him at the garden gate. "Have you brought me the bar of yellow gold?" he demanded angrily. "No, I have not," the Star-child answered him. And so the Magician beat him more savagely than he had done before and threw him once more into the dark prison.

Early the next morning, the Magician came to him and

said, "If you bring me the bar of red gold at sunset today, I will set you free, but if you do not bring it, I will surely kill you."

The Star-child went into the wood once more and searched all day long for the red gold, but in vain. And at sunset he sat down and cried. As he was crying, the little hare came up to him. "Do not cry, my friend," said the little hare. "The bar of red gold that you are searching for is in that cave just behind you. Take it and be happy."

"How shall I return your kindness?" asked the Star-child. "This is the third time that you have helped me."

"You helped me first," said the little hare and ran off to his home, deep in the wood.

The Star-child went inside the cave, found the gold, took it and hurried to the city. The leper saw him coming and stood in his way, crying, "Help me or I shall die." The Star-child gave him the gold, saying, "Take it. Your need is greater than mine." He gave the gold to the leper although he well knew that the Magician was going to kill him for doing so.

As the Star-child passed through the south gate of the city, the guards bowed low to him, saying, "How beautiful our prince is!" And as he went on, crowds began to follow him and he heard them say, "Surely, in the whole wide world, there is no one as beautiful as he is." "They are laughing at me," the Star-child said sadly to himself. "They are mocking me in my sorrow." Soon the crowd was so great that he could not push his way out. He was pushed into the great square which was in front of the king's palace.

The gates of the palace opened and the greatest men in the city came out. They went up to him, bowed low in front of him, and said, "Welcome, my lord. You are the prince that we have been waiting for."

The Star-child answered them, "I am not a prince but the

son of a poor beggar-woman. And why do they call me beautiful when I know that I am the ugliest creature moving on this earth?"

Then one of the guards held up his shining shield. "Look here, my lord," he cried. "How can you say that you are not beautiful?"

The Star-child looked and he saw that his face was as beautiful as it had first been — more beautiful because his eyes were filled with loving-kindness.

The greatest men in the city said to him, "It was written long ago that on this day a prince would come to rule over us, and he would bring peace and plenty to our troubled city. Therefore, we beg you, let us crown you, here and now."

"I cannot," said the Star-child, "for I have treated my mother evilly. I cannot rest until I have found her and asked her to forgive me. Let me go on my way. I must wander through the world until I find her. No, I cannot stay even if you offer me a crown."

So saying, he turned his steps towards the street that led to the gate of the city, and a great crowd followed him. Then suddenly in the crowd he saw the beggar-woman who was his mother and, at her side, the poor leper.

With a cry of joy he ran to his mother, fell at her feet and wetted them with his tears. He cried as if his heart would break. "Forgive me, mother, I beg you," he implored. "Forgive me, for I have treated you evilly." But the woman was silent.

He stretched out his hands to the leper. "Did I not help you three times?" he asked, "and will you not beg my mother to speak to me just once?" But the leper was silent.

"Mother," he cried, "my suffering is too heavy for me to bear. Forgive me and let me go back to the forest." Then the beggar-woman put her hand on his head and said gently,



"Rise, my son." And the leper put his hand on his head and said, "Rise,".

The Star-child rose and looked at them, and he saw that his mother was a queen and the leper a king. They were dressed in royal robes and their faces shone with love.

And the Queen said to him, "This is your father whom you helped."

And the King said, "This is your mother whose feet you have washed with your tears."

They kissed him and led him into the palace, where he was dressed in royal robes. A crown was set on his head and he was declared to be the ruler of that city.

He ruled so well that his fame spread far and wide. The evil Magician was sent far away. The woodcutter and his family were rewarded with high honours. He was just and merciful to all. He treated his people with kindness and love,

and they followed his example and behaved kindly to **one** another, and to birds and animals as well. No man was **poor**, for there was peace and plenty throughout the land. **He was** a father to his people and they loved him.

4

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

It was the birthday of the Infanta. The only child of the King of Spain was now twelve years old. And it was such a beautiful day. Bright sunshine flooded the garden where the Infanta was playing with her friends, the children she had invited to her birthday party. How happily the children were laughing and shouting! From a window in the palace the sad King looked out and listened to the joyful shouts. They made his sad heart even sadder. He watched the Infanta and he wept. She was so like her mother. He had loved her dearly but, alas!, she had died soon after the birth of the princess. That had happened nearly twelve years ago but the memory was still as fresh in his mind and his heart as if it had happened only yesterday.

She was the daughter of the King of France and after the wedding he had brought her to Spain. But she had died before she had seen the roses which filled the garden in spring or eaten the fruit which bent the branches of the trees in the courtyard in summer. How he had loved her and how he had grieved over her death! He had loved her so much that he would not let her be buried in the cold damp ground. He had summoned from Egypt a wise and skilful doctor who knew the secrets of preserving bodies so that they remained for ever fresh and life-like. His queen would always stay for ever young and oh, so beautiful! Her body lay in the little chapel near the palace and once a month the King went there to kneel beside her and to weep for her. His piteous cries moved his courtiers to tears.

Now, as he watched the Infanta, he saw his Queen just

as she was when he had first met her in the palace of her father, the French King. He had been fifteen years old at that time, and the princess little older than the Infanta was now. He had fallen in love at first sight, and a few years later, he had married her. The sad King sighed deeply. Then he tried to smile as he looked down and saw that the Infanta was waving up to him. She had her mother's charming smile and her mother's proud and beautiful mouth. Now she was holding out her hand with her mother's dignity and grace for a courtier to kiss. Now she was talking to her uncle, Don Pedro, and she was turning her head in the same pretty way as her mother used to when she was talking. Such memories came streaming into the mind of the King that he felt his heart must break. He buried his face in his hands and, when the Infanta looked up at the window again, he was gone.

"Why did he not stay and watch me playing?" thought the Infanta. "After all, it is my birthday. Where has he gone? To



a meeting with his ministers, perhaps. But surely that could wait until tomorrow. Maybe he has gone to that dark, gloomy chapel where they never let me enter. Oh, how silly of him when the sun is shining so brightly and everyone is so gay! Silly!"

With her uncle, Don Pedro, on one side of her and on the other that grand lady, the Camerera, who accompanied her wherever she went, she led the way to the giant marquee. The courtiers followed her and then the children. They were filled with excitement at the thought of the show they were going to see, for there was to be a circus in the marquee, in honour of the Infanta's birthday.

And what wonders there were for the children to see! There was an Indian with a basket full of snakes, who played on a pipe so that the snakes twisted and turned their heads this way and that in time with the music. That Indian was certainly a magician. He put a seed in the sand, covered it with a cloth for a few moments, said some magic words and then, when he took the cloth away, a tree had already grown out of the seed. He covered the tree and then, with a swift movement, uncovered it, and the tree was full of pretty flowers. In the twinkling of an eye these changed into fruit. Oh, it was wonderful beyond words. But his magic did not end there. Oh, no! He pulled eggs out of his nose — six of them, one after another. And one egg he changed into a bird, a real bird which flew away. He drew children out of his ears and rabbits out of an empty hat. The children were enchanted by his magic and screamed with astonishment and delight.

Then came the dancing bear. Yes, an enormous white bear came into the ring. It stood on its hind legs, walked, bowed to the children, danced and did such funny tricks that the children simply roared with laughter.



But the funniest thing of all was the dancing of the Dwarf. He was so ugly, with his short legs, tiny body and huge head, that the children burst into loud laughter as soon as they saw him. The Infanta laughed so loud that the Camerera, who sat at her side, had to scold her. "A princess must not laugh like that," she said severely.

It was the first time that the children had ever seen a dwarf. Two Spanish lords had found him while they were out hunting. He had been running wild in the wood. When the two gentlemen had offered to buy him, the Dwarf's father had gladly agreed to sell him, for he was glad to get rid of such an ugly child. And so the two lords had brought him to the court as a birthday present for the Infanta.

The strangest and funniest thing about the Dwarf was that he had no idea how strange and ugly he looked. He thought that he looked just like other children so that when

they laughed at him, he laughed with them. How they laughed at him, at his funny little legs as they twisted in his dance, at his long arms as he waved them to and fro, and at his huge head as he turned it this way and that! At the end of each dance, he made a funny little bow to each of the children, smiling at them as if he were one of them and not a strange, ugly-shaped creature, born, so it seemed, for all the world to laugh at.

The Infanta was delighted with him, and he was so enchanted by her loveliness that he could not turn his eyes away from her. He seemed to be dancing for her alone. When his performance was ended, she took a white rose out of her hair and threw it to him. He caught it and kissed it. Then he put his hand on his heart and knelt on one knee before her in a very romantic attitude. He was smiling all over his broad face and his tiny eyes were sparkling like stars.

The Dwarf left the tent but the Infanta still kept on laughing. "Uncle," she said to Don Pedro, "call him back and let him dance again." "No," said the Camerera firmly, "The sun is too hot and it is time for the Infanta to return to the palace for her birthday dinner." So the Infanta stood up and said, "See that he dances for me this evening." Then she went back to the palace, with the courtiers and the children following her.

The little Dwarf heard that the Infanta herself had asked for him to dance again, and he was so happy and proud that he ran into the garden, kissing the white rose and jumping up and down with delight. "Look," he said to the flowers, showing them his beautiful white rose, "the Infanta herself gave me this, and she wants me to dance for her again this evening." The flowers nodded their heads. "Do they know how happy I am?" wondered the little Dwarf. Then he told the birds what had happened. They went on singing and the

Dwarf wondered whether they were singing about him and the Infanta.

"The Infanta has given me this beautiful white rose, and she loves me," he said to himself. "Oh, how I wish that I had followed her into the palace! If I had, I would never have left her side. I would have stayed with her for ever. I would have been her friend and played with her. I would have taught her how to make all kinds of pretty things. I would have shown her how to make a little home for a fly out of grass, where it could live like a bird in a cage. I would have made a pipe and played to her. I can imitate the songs of all the birds and I would have taught them to her. I would have told her about the little baby bird that I looked after when its mother was shot, and how it used to sit on my shoulder and eat out of my hand. Oh, yes! she must come to the forest and play with me. She shall have my little bed and I will watch outside her window all through the night to see that no wild animal comes near to harm her. At dawn I will wake her, and we will go out and dance on the green grass and look at all the wonderful things in the forest. Then, when she is tired, I will lead her to rest on a bank of flowers where the queen of the fairies sleeps."

The little Dwarf laughed aloud as he pictured these delights. Then a thought struck him: why should he not try to enter the palace, to speak to her or, at least, to be near her? He looked at the enormous building. The doors were all shut and the windows were shuttered to keep out the midday heat. He wandered round the palace, trying all the doors until, at last, he found one that was unlocked. He opened it quietly and crept inside.

He found himself in a great hall whose size and splendour amazed him. The floor was made of tiny squares of coloured stones arranged in patterns of flowers, trees, animals and even

men. There were statues, pictures, lamps, chairs and tables all covered with gold. There was gold everywhere. But what was that to him when the Infanta was not there?

He crossed the great hall slowly and carefully, afraid that he might slip on the slippery floor, and he came to a very large room. Here the walls were covered with the portraits of great men — kings, cardinals, generals and admirals. In the centre of the room there was a large round table made of shiny red wood and there were red books on the table. This was the room in which the King and his ministers met to discuss war and peace and all matters of the highest importance for the kingdom. It was a stately, sombre room and it so impressed the little Dwarf by its solemnity that he began to feel scared, as if he were in danger. For a moment he was tempted to go back. But then the picture of the pretty Infanta came into his mind. "I must go on and find her," he said to himself. "I must speak to her when she is alone and tell her that I love her. Who knows? Perhaps she is in the next room."

He crossed the room and opened the door. He found himself in front of a golden throne that had steps leading up to it. He was in that splendid room where the King of Spain sat to receive ambassadors coming from all parts of the world. The splendour astonished and even alarmed him but it did not shake his determination to go on until he found the Infanta. "I must meet the Infanta before she goes out into the garden, and ask her to come away with me when I have finished my dance," he said. "I know that she will come away with me to the forest — if only I can find her and talk to her by herself." He smiled at his thoughts and went on.

The next room was the brightest, gayest and most beautiful of all the rooms. The walls were covered with cloth of gold, on which birds and flowers were embroidered in the

gayest colours. The tables and chairs were made of silver. The floor was paved with emeralds. The eyes of the little Dwarf opened wide with amazement at the sight of so much beauty and wealth. And then — he saw that he was not alone.

He saw someone, someone small, standing in the shadow near a doorway at the far end of the room. And that someone was watching him! He gave a cry of joy and moved out into the sunlight. As he did so, the other one moved too, and he saw it clearly. It was not the Infanta. No, it was the ugliest creature that he had ever seen. It was horribly shaped, with short legs, long arms and a huge head covered with long black hair. He looked at it angrily and it looked back at him angrily. He laughed and it laughed, holding its hands on its hips just as he was holding his. He bowed to it mockingly and it answered him with a mocking bow. Step by step he moved nearer to it and step by step it moved nearer to him.

“What is it? What can it be?” he asked himself in fear. He looked at the room around him. Every detail of it was to be seen again in this wall of clear water — picture for picture, chair for chair, table for table.

He put the white rose to his lips and kissed it. That other one had a white rose too. It kissed it and pressed it to its heart. He was looking at himself in a mirror!

The truth came to him as a terrible shock. He cried out in his pain, and fell to the ground. It was he who was so ugly, so dreadful to look at, with those short legs, long arms and that huge head with its bush of black hair. The children had been laughing at his ugliness — and so had the Infanta. She wanted to see him again so that she could go on laughing.

“Oh, why did they not leave me in the forest where there is no looking-glass to show me how ugly I am? Why did not my father kill me rather than sell me so that everyone can laugh at me?” he asked and he wept bitter tears. He pulled



the beautiful white rose to pieces so that its petals lay scattered round him on the floor. The other one did the same. He looked at it and it looked back at him with a face twisted by grief. Then the little Dwarf covered his eyes and lay in the shadow like a wounded animal waiting for death.

It was then that the Infanta and her friends came into the room. They saw the ugly little Dwarf on the floor, beating the air with his hands in a most amusing way. They burst into laughter and crowded round him to see more of his funny tricks.

"His dancing was so funny, but how he acted!" cried the Infanta. "How he put his hand to his heart, like a lover! Oh, that was the funniest thing that I have ever seen." All the children laughed loudly.

The little Dwarf did not look up. He lay there, weeping quietly. Suddenly he gave a sharp cry and put his hand to his

side. Then he fell back and lay quite still.

"Wonderful!" cried the Infanta, "but now you must get up and dance for me."

"Yes," cried the children, "you must get up and dance. We all think that you are as good as the dancing bear, and much, much funnier."

The little Dwarf did not answer. He did not move.

The Infanta was angry. She called her uncle, Don Pedro, who was walking with the King's doctor in the garden outside. "My funny little Dwarf will not do as I tell him," she said. "You must wake him up and tell him to dance for me."

Don Pedro kicked the Dwarf. "Get up," he said. "You must dance. The Infanta wishes to see you dance."

The little Dwarf did not move.

"I will send a servant to give him a beating," said Don Pedro.

The King's doctor knelt beside the little Dwarf and put his hand on his heart. Then he stood up. "Princess," he said, "your funny little Dwarf will never dance again. It is a pity, for he is so ugly that he might have made even the King laugh."

"And why will he not dance again?" asked the Infanta.

"He is dead. His heart is broken."

The Infanta was very angry when she heard that. "From now on," she cried, "those who come to play with me must have no hearts." And she ran out to play in the garden.

5

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL

Every evening the young Fisherman put out to sea and threw his nets into the water. Sometimes his catch was a poor one and he had a hard struggle against high waves on his way back to the shore. At other times, when the wind blew from the sea to the land, the fish came swimming in great numbers from the deep sea into his nets and he had a good catch. He carried the fish into the town and sold them in the market.

One evening his net was so heavy that he could hardly pull it out of the water. "Have I caught all the fish in the sea?" he asked himself, laughing. "Or have I caught a monster of the deep such as old sailors talk about, but which I have never seen yet? If I have, I shall sell it to a circus or put it on show in the market-place, and people will have to pay to see it."

He pulled and pulled with all his strength and the net came slowly nearer and nearer to his boat. At last he managed to pull it to the top of the water so that he could see what was in it.

There were no fish in it. There was no monster of the deep. But there was a beautiful mermaid lying there, fast asleep. Oh, how beautiful she was! Her long hair was like gold: each hair was like a thread of purest gold. She seemed to be made of silver and pearl. She was so lovely that the young Fisherman stared at her wide-eyed, in wonder. Then he touched her gently to wake her up. She opened her eyes, which were as blue as the summer sky, and gave a cry of fear. She struggled to free herself from the net but the young Fisherman held her fast and would not let her go.



When she saw that she could not escape, she began to weep most piteously. "Let me go," she begged. "Please let me go. I am the daughter of the King of the Sea, his only daughter. He is old and ill, and has no one to look after him but me."

The young Fisherman answered, "I will never let you go unless you make me a promise. Promise me that, whenever I call you, you will come and sing to me. The fish love to hear the singing of the People of the Sea. If you sing, they will swim into my nets and I shall have a good catch."

"Will you let me go if I promise this?" asked the Mermaid.

"Yes, I will let you go," promised the young Fisherman.

She promised and he set her free. Instantly she sank down into the depths below the waves.

The young Fisherman put out to sea in his boat every evening. Every evening he called to the Mermaid and she came up out of the depths of the sea to sing to him. She sang

to him about the palace of the King of the Sea, which has a ceiling made of sapphires and a floor made of pearls. She sang about the gardens at the bottom of the sea, in which there are flowers of all the colours of the rainbow. And there are trees of red coral, with wide-spreading branches where fishes dart to and fro, like birds among the green trees on the land. She sang about the caves which are the homes of the People of the Sea: their floors are made of amber and their walls gleam with pearls. And while she sang, the big fish swam in from the deep sea to listen to her and they were caught in the nets of the young Fisherman. When his boat was full of fish, the Mermaid stopped singing and sank down under the waves.

Little by little the Mermaid won the heart of the young Fisherman by her singing. Each day the sound of her voice seemed sweeter and sweeter in his ears. It became so sweet that he thought of nothing else. He wished for nothing else. He forgot his nets and he neglected his boat. Big fish passed by without his noticing them. He sat in his boat, enchanted by the magic of her song. He sat there listening while the sky grew darker and darker and the moon rose to cover him with a coat of silver.

One evening, he called out to her, "Little Mermaid! Little Mermaid, I love you. Will you not marry me, and come to live with me on the land?"

"I cannot. The People of the Sea cannot leave the sea to live on the land."

"Then I will come to live with you in the sea."

"You cannot do that," the little Mermaid said sadly, "because you have a soul. The people of the Sea have no souls. If you can get rid of your soul, then you can come to live with me."

"And will you love me if I come?"

"I will love you always," she said.

"Then I will get rid of my soul," declared the young Fisherman. "It is of no use to me. I cannot see it. I cannot touch it. I do not know it. Yes, I will get rid of it." He laughed happily and held out his arms. "Listen to me, little Mermaid, I am going to send my soul away. You shall be my wife. We will live together in the depths of the sea and you shall show me all those wonders that you have sung about."

The little Mermaid laughed for joy and hid her face in her hands.

"But how can I get rid of my soul?" cried the Fisherman. "Tell me how to do it and it shall be done."

"I do not know," answered the little Mermaid. "I do not know anything about souls. We People of the Sea have none."

She gave him one last, long look and then sank down beneath the waves.

Early the next morning, when the sun was just rising behind the hills, the young Fisherman made his way to the Priest's house and knocked at the door.

"Come in, my boy," said the Priest.

"Father," began the Fisherman, "I am in love with one of the People of the Sea, but I cannot marry her because I have a soul. Tell me, please, how I can get rid of it. You see, it is of no use to me. I cannot see it. I cannot touch it. I do not know it."

"My son," the Priest answered him gravely, "You are very foolish. The soul was given to us by God and it is the most precious thing we have. It is worth more than all the gold in the world. The most dreadful thing that can happen to a man is the loss of his soul. If he loses his soul, he is like an animal and does not know right from wrong. There is no life after death for such a man. There is no heaven. The People of the

Sea, my son, are mere animals, without a hope of heaven."

"Father," answered the young Fisherman, "One evening when I was out fishing, I caught in my net the daughter of the King of the Sea. She is more beautiful than the morning star and whiter than the moon. For her love I would gladly lose my soul. To live with her is to live in heaven. Tell me, Father, how I can lose my soul. If I lose my hope in heaven, as you say, that does not matter to me at all. Without her, there is no heaven. Why, if you offered me heaven and she was not there, I would not enter. Tell me what I ask and let me go in peace."

"Away! Away!" the Priest cried in horror, and he drove him away from his door.

The young Fisherman went into the city, to the market-place where the merchants were gathered. They saw him coming and asked him, "What have you got to sell?"

"My soul," he answered them.

The merchants burst into laughter and said, "Your soul, my dear young fellow, is not worth a cent. Sell your body to us and we will buy. You should make a strong slave. But your soul! Ha! Ha! You must be mad. Nobody would give a cent for a soul anywhere."

"This is very strange," thought the young Fisherman. "The Priest tells me that the soul is worth all the gold in the world, and now the merchants say that it is not worth a cent. I cannot understand it." He left the noisy market-place and made his way to the peaceful beach where he could sit and think more clearly.

He sat for hours on the beach while the sun climbed higher and higher into the sky. Then, when it was overhead, he remembered the Witch. She had an evil name and till now he had kept out of her way. But now he needed her, for she might be able to help him with her magic. Well, he would go

and see. He ran lightly over the sand until he came to her cave. She knew, by her magic, that he was coming, and she was standing there, waiting for him, with her red hair falling on her white shoulders.

"What do you want?" she cried, as he ran up to her. "I can give you anything you want. But," she added with a sly look, "everything has its price, of course."

"It's only a little thing that I want," the young Fisherman told her, "but the Priest was horrified when I asked him for it and he drove me out of his house. It is only a little thing but when I asked the merchants, they mocked me and made fun of me. And so I have come to you although they say you are evil. As for the price, I will pay whatever you ask."

"What is this little thing that you want?" she asked.

"I want to get rid of my soul," the young Fisherman answered her.

The Witch hid her face in her hands and trembled all over. "Pretty boy," she said, "that is a fearful thing to do."

He laughed. "My soul is of no use to me. I cannot see it. I cannot touch it. I do not know it. Why should I keep it?"

"What will you give me if I tell you how to send it away?" asked the Witch and she looked him straight in the face with her most beautiful green eyes.

"Five pieces of gold, my nets, my boat, my hut and all that I have," he said eagerly. "Everything that I possess is yours if you will only tell me what I must do."

She laughed at him and her green eyes sparkled like jewels. "Pretty boy," she said, "what you offer me is nothing. By my magic, I am able to change autumn leaves into gold. All the gold and silver in the world is mine for the asking. My master is richer than all the kings on earth, and he is most generous to his servants."

"What shall I give you? What shall I do?" he asked her

sadly.

She put her beautiful white hand on his head and said gaily, "You must dance with me, pretty boy."

"Only that? Nothing but that?" cried the young Fisherman, astonished.

"Only that," she said with sparkling eyes.

"At sunset, I will come for you, here," he said, "and we will dance together. After we have danced, you will tell me what to do."

"Not at sunset," she said, "but at night when the moon is full. And not here but on the top of the mountain, for that is the witches' meeting-place. I shall be waiting for you there tonight, and my Master will be there as well."

"And who is your Master?"

"You will see tonight," she answered him. "Wait for me under the tree on the mountain-top, and I shall come at midnight. We shall dance together on the green grass by the light of the moon."

"Will you promise to tell me how I can get rid of my soul?"

She moved out of the shadow and stood in the sunlight so that her red hair shone like polished copper. "I promise," she said.

"Oh, you are the kindest witch in all the world!" cried the young Fisherman. "I will be there, waiting for our dance." He took off his cap and bowed low to her. Then he ran back to the town, filled with joy.

The young Witch stood there watching him as he raced over the sand. Then she went back to her cave and looked at her face in the mirror. She smiled with pleasure at what she saw. "I am more beautiful than any mermaid," she said and sighed a little.

As soon as the moon had risen, the young Fisherman

began climbing to the top of the mountain. The mountain was high and its sides were steep but he found it easy to climb, for Love gave wings to his feet. He stood waiting under the tree. Far below him, the sea lay gleaming in the silvery light of the moon, and he could see the shadows thrown by the fishing-boats, and their little lamps that gleamed like fire-flies.

At midnight the witches came flying through the air on their broom-sticks. "Someone is here," they whispered to one another as they came down to the ground. "Someone we do not know. We can smell him. Where is he?"

The young Witch came last of all. Her long red hair was flowing out behind her and she was wearing a dress of gold, a pretty green cap and red shoes.

"Where is he? Where is he?" cried the witches when they saw her. "Let us have a look at him." The young Witch laughed, ran lightly to the tree and took the young Fisher-



man by the hand. She led him into the moonlight for them to see. Then she began to dance with him. Round and round they went in the wildest, fastest dance the young Fisherman had ever known. "Faster! Faster!" she kept on crying, and she jumped so high that he could see her red shoes. "Faster!" cried the young Witch. But the Fisherman would not go faster. He could not, for he had a feeling that something, someone evil, was watching him. He looked around and, in the shadow of a rock, he saw someone who had not been there before.

It was a man dressed from head to foot in black. His face was as white as chalk, and his mouth was like a great red wound in it. His hands were white and his long fingers were loaded with rings that sparkled like stars. On the grass at his side, lay a black hat with a long black feather.

The young Fisherman seemed quite unable to draw his eyes away from the stranger, and wherever he danced the eyes of the man in black were fixed on him.

Suddenly, as if at a given signal, the dancers stopped and stood quite still. Then, two by two, they walked up to the stranger and kissed his hands. He smiled proudly but all the time his eyes were fixed on the young Fisherman.

"Come, let us go to him," said the Witch. "It is our turn now." And she led him up to the stranger. The Fisherman seemed to have no will of his own and followed her obediently. But when she came near the man, something within him compelled him to make the Sign of the Cross and to shout out, "Oh, God, help me!"

Instantly all the witches moaned as if in great pain and mounted their broom-sticks, ready to fly away. The man in black gave a sharp cry as if he were wounded. He walked to some trees nearby and called. A horse, as black as night, came towards him. He jumped on it, gave one last sad look at

the young Fisherman and rode off.

The Witch with the red hair had tried to fly away with the others but the Fisherman seized her arm and prevented her from leaving.

"Let me go," she shouted, in a fury. "Let me go. You have made a sign which we cannot bear to look at and you have called on a name which we can never say."

"No," answered the Fisherman, "I will not let you go until you have told me the secret."

"What secret?" said the Witch, struggling like a wild cat to free herself from his grasp.

"You know," he said.

Her green eyes filled with tears. "Ask me anything but that," she said.

He laughed and grasped her more firmly. "If you do not keep your promise, I shall kill you," he said.

Her face turned white. "Very well, I will tell you," she said. "It is your soul, not mine, and you can do as you like with it. I do not care."

She took a little knife out of a case made of green snake-skin, and then told him, "What men call the shadow of the body is not the shadow of the body. It is the body of the soul. Stand on the beach with your back to the moon, cut your shadow away from your feet and order your soul to leave you. This is the way to be rid of of your soul."

The young Fisherman seized the little knife. Then by the light of the moon, he made his way safely down the steep mountain-side. As he went, his Soul within him called out to him, "I have lived with you all these years and served you faithfully. Do not send me away. Oh, let me stay! I have never done you any harm, have I?"

"No, you have never done me any harm, that is true," said the young Fisherman. "But I do not need you any longer.

Go away. Go where you like, but please go now. My love is waiting for me and she is all I need."

The Fisherman stood on the beach with his back to the moon and his shadow in front of him. A voice seemed to be calling him from the depths of the sea and he thought he saw two white arms rising up from the waves.

His Soul said to him, "If you must send me away from you, do not send me away without a heart. There is little love and kindness waiting for me in the world. Give me your heart to comfort me."

The Fisherman laughed. "How can I love my love if I have no heart?" he said.

"Give me your heart," said his Soul. "I am afraid to go wandering in the world alone."

"My heart is my love's," answered the young Fisherman. "And now go. I tell you, go!"

"I wish to love, too," his Soul said sorrowfully.

"Oh, go away," cried the Fisherman impatiently. He took the little knife out of its case of green snake-skin and cut away the shadow from around his feet. It stood up in front of him and it looked just like himself. He felt afraid. "Go!" he shouted, "I never want to set eyes on you again."

"We shall meet again," said his Soul quietly.

"How shall we meet again?" cried the young Fisherman. "Are you going to follow me down to the depths of the sea?"

"Once every year, I shall come to this very spot and call you," said his Soul. "Perhaps you will need me."

"Need you? Never!" laughed the young Fisherman. "But come if you wish. It is all the same to me."

Then he jumped into the sea and the little Mermaid rose out of the waves to meet him. Together they sank down, down, to the palace of the King of the Sea.

The Soul stood there on the sea-shore, watching them till

they had quite disappeared. It then went away weeping.

A year passed by and once more the Soul came to the sea-shore. He called the young Fisherman and the Fisherman rose out of the waves, saying, "Why are you calling me?"

"Come nearer," said the Soul. "for I have wonderful things to tell you."

The young Fisherman came nearer and listened.

"When I left you," the Soul began, "I travelled to the East. All wisdom comes from the East. I wandered through the streets and came to the garden of the god. Priests dressed in yellow moved like shadows among the green trees. In the middle of the garden there was the rose red temple of the god. A priest came out of it and asked me, 'What is your desire?'"

"I desire to see the god," I said. He led me into the temple. There was no god to be seen but only a mirror made of metal set on a table made of stone.

"Where is the god?" I asked the priest.

"There is no god, but this mirror. It is the Mirror of Wisdom. It shows everything that is in heaven and on earth. The man who has this Mirror knows everything. Nothing is hidden from him."

"I stole the Mirror and have hidden it in a wood which is only one day's journey from here. Take me back. Let me serve you again, and you shall have this Mirror — which will make you the wisest man in all the world."

The young Fisherman laughed loudly. "Love is better than Wisdom," he cried, "and the little Mermaid loves me." Then he went back into the depths of the sea and the Soul went away weeping.

Another year passed by, and once more the Soul came down to the sea-shore and called to the Young Fisherman. He came out of the waves and asked, "Why are you calling

me?"

"Come nearer," said the Soul, "for I have wonderful things to tell you."

The young Fisherman came nearer and listened.

"When I left you," the Soul began, "I travelled to the South. All riches come from the South. I journeyed on and on until I reached the city of Ashtar. The King of that city wears a wonderful ring on his finger. It is the magic Ring of Riches and whoever possesses it is richer than all the kings in the world. I stole the ring from the King while he was sleeping and I have hidden it in a wood only a day's journey from here. Take me back and let me serve you again, and you shall have the Ring of Riches. You will be the richest man on earth."

The young Fisherman laughed aloud. "Love is better than riches," he cried, "and the little Mermaid loves me." Then he went back into the depths of the sea and the Soul went away weeping.

At the end of the third year, the Soul came once more to the sea-shore and called to the young Fisherman, who rose up from the depths and came towards him. "Come nearer," the Soul said, "so that you can hear all that I have to tell, for I have seen some most wonderful things." The young Fisherman went nearer to listen. "I happened one day to stop at a wayside inn," began the Soul, "and while I was refreshing myself with a cup of wine, an old man and a girl came in. The old man played a pipe and the young girl began to dance. I have never seen anything so beautiful. I am not speaking of her face, for that was hidden under a veil, but of her feet. They were like little white birds, and when she danced, they hardly seemed to touch the ground. Take me back again and let me serve you as before. If you will do that, I will take you to see her dancing. It is only a few days' journey from here."

The young Fisherman loved the little Mermaid with all his heart. For him she was perfectly beautiful — except that she had no feet and could not dance. He was strongly tempted to go with the Soul. "After all," thought he, "it is only a few days' journey and I shall soon return to my love." And so he called out to the Soul, "I shall come with you to see this wonder," and he made his way to the shore. He held out his arms to the Soul and with a great cry of joy the Soul went back again into him.

All that night, the young Fisherman walked on and on until he came to a city. He was passing along the Street of the Jewellers when he happened to see a fine silver cup. "Steal that cup and hide it," his Soul said to him. And the young Fisherman stole the cup, hid it and hurried out of the city.

He had not gone far when he threw the cup away, saying to his Soul, "Why did you tell me to steal that cup? It was an evil thing to do."

His Soul answered, "Be quiet, be quiet."

On the second day, they came to another city and while they were walking down a narrow street, they met a child carrying a pot of water. "Hit him hard," his Soul said to the young Fisherman. And he hit the child so hard that the child screamed with pain and fright. Then they hurried out of the city.

They had not gone far when the young Fisherman said angrily, "Why did you tell me to hit that child? It was an evil thing to do." His Soul answered him, "Be quiet, be quiet."

Late on the evening of the third day, they came to another city. The young Fisherman felt tired and so he sat down on the pavement to have a rest. A kind-hearted merchant happened to pass by and saw him. "Why are you sitting here in the street?" he asked him.

The young Fisherman answered, "I am a stranger here and

do not know anyone who will give me a bed for the night."

"I will," said the merchant. "All men are brothers and we must help one another. He who helps his brother best pleases God. Come with me to my house and you shall sleep there."

The young Fishermen followed the merchant and slept that night at his house.

Not long after midnight, when the night was as black as pitch, his Soul woke him up and said, "Go to the merchant's room, kill him and steal his gold. He has plenty and we have none." The young Fisherman got up at once and crept to the room where the merchant was lying, fast asleep. On a table by the bed there were nine bags of gold and a knife. He took the knife and was just going to kill the merchant when that good-hearted man woke up. "Is this how you return my kindness?" he asked sorrowfully. "I —" He did not finish because at that moment, the Soul cried out, "What are you waiting for? Strike him now." The Fisherman did so, and the merchant died instantly. Seizing the bags of gold, the Fisherman ran out of the city as fast as he could go, followed by his Soul.

When they were but a short distance outside, the young Fisherman asked, "Why did you tell me to kill that kind-hearted merchant and steal his gold? You are evil."

His Soul answered him, "Be quiet, be quiet."

"No!" cried the young Fisherman, "I will not be quiet. You are evil and you have made me do evil things. Why have you done this to me?"

His Soul answered him, "When you sent me away to wander through the world, you did not give me a heart. I asked you to, I begged you to, but you refused. And so I learned how to do these evil things and others even more evil."

The young Fisherman said, "Now I see how evil you are.

You have made me leave my loved one and you have led me into wicked ways." He threw the bags of gold away, saying, "I have finished with you. I will not travel with you any farther. I sent you away from me before and now I am going to send you away again."

He turned his back to the moon, took out his little knife and began trying to cut away that shadow of the body which is the Soul. But his Soul said to him, "A man is able to get rid of his Soul only once in his life. If he takes his Soul back again, then he has to keep it with him for ever."

The young Fisherman said, "I am leaving you. I am going back to the little bay where my loved one used to sing. I will call her to come to me, and tell her of the evil I have done. I will ask her to forgive and forget. She loves me and she will take me back again."

His Soul said to him, "Why are you still thinking about her? There are many women in the world who are far more beautiful than she is. You have never seen the dancing girls of Samaris, have you? They dance so lightly that their feet fly over the ground like little white birds. They laugh while they dance, and their laughter is as clear as the laughter of a stream. Do not bother about that Mermaid. Let us go to Samaris and have a good time there."

The young Fisherman did not answer. Without a word, he turned round and set off in the direction of the little bay where the Mermaid used to sing. When he arrived there, he called to her again and again. But the little Mermaid whom he loved so dearly did not come out of the waves.

His Soul said to him, "I told you so. She has forgotten you. Forget her and come with me to the Valley of Pleasure. You are sure to enjoy yourself there."

The young Fisherman did not answer. He built a hut among the rocks on the sea-shore so as to live near his loved

one. Every day and every night he called to her but she never came up from the depths of the sea to greet him.

When the young Fisherman had spent a long sad year in this way, his Soul thought, "I have offered him evil things but I see that his Love is stronger than Evil. Now I will offer him what is good and so I may persuade him to come with me."

So the Soul said, "I have told you of the pleasures of the world but they mean nothing to you. Now let me show you the suffering that is in the world. Let me show you the poor, the sick, the old, the forsaken. And let us go and help them, for they are crying out in their misery."

But the young Fisherman did not answer.

When the young Fisherman had spent another sorrowful year, by the seashore, his Soul said to him, "I have offered you evil, and I have offered you good, but your love is stronger than I am. Let me come into your heart so that I may be one with you as I was before."

"Yes, you may come in," said the young Fisherman. "You must have found it very hard to wander over the world without the comfort of a heart. You must have suffered terribly."

"I cannot find any way into your heart," said his Soul. "Your heart is so full of love that there is no room for me."

"Yes," said the young Fisherman, "my heart is so full of love." He sighed deeply.

At that moment there came a loud moaning from the sea — a moaning and a wailing such as is always heard when one of the People of the Sea has died. Hearing it, the young Fisherman rushed out of his hut and ran down to the shore.

The black waves came rushing in from the deep, bearing something white, pearly white, and they laid it at the feet of the young Fisherman. It was the dead body of his loved one,

the little Mermaid. He gave a wild cry and fell to the sand beside her, shaken with grief. He called her again and again but she neither spoke nor moved. He wept bitter tears.

The black waves returned and now they came nearer. From the palace of the Sea-King there came the sound of wailing.

"The waves are coming nearer," cried his Soul. "If you stay here, they will drown you. Come back. Come back, I tell you."

The young Fisherman did not listen to his Soul. He kept on calling to the little Mermaid and he whispered to her softly, "Love is better than wisdom. Love is worth more than riches. It is more beautiful than the dancing feet of the daughters of men. Oh, my love, I have called you and called you but you have not heard. I was evil and I left you but I meant to return soon. I went away but my love stayed with me always and it was always strong — stronger than Evil and stronger than Pity. Nothing could overcome it. And now that you are dead, my love, it is time for me to die too."

"Come away," cried his Soul. "The waves are coming nearer and you will surely drown." The young Fisherman did not listen.

The black waves came nearer and he knew that his death was near. He was glad. He kissed the cold face of the little Mermaid and, at that instant, his heart broke. When his heart was broken, his Soul found a way into it and was one with him as before.

The black waves from the deep covered the young Fisherman and the little Mermaid as they lay together, side by side. In Life they had loved each other dearly, and in Death they were not divided.

6

THE YOUNG KING

The old King was very angry and sad. His beautiful daughter, his only child, had run away with a man far beneath her and had married him in secret. Little was known of her husband. Some people said that he was a musician who had enchanted the Princess with the magic of his music. Others said that he was a painter who had been commanded to come to the court to paint the portrait of the Princess, and she had fallen in love with him at first sight. It was even said that he was a magician who had captured the heart of the young Princess by his magic powers. Whoever he was, the old King hated him.

The shame of the marriage weighed heavily on the old King and made him cruel. He ordered two robbers to murder the man, and they seized him when he was walking in a wood with the lovely Princess, carried him off and stabbed him through the heart. Not long after his death, the Princess gave birth to a son. On the orders of the old King, the child was stolen from its mother and sent into the forest to be brought up by a goat-herd. The poor Princess was so grieved by this double loss that she fell ill and died. They buried her beside her husband. And the story spread that the grave-diggers had seen the body of the man who had stolen the heart of the Princess. His face was more beautiful than any they had ever seen. There was a terrible wound in his breast and his hands were tied behind his back.

At first, the old King rejoiced over the revenge he had taken but then, as the years passed and his feeling of loneliness increased, he grew more and more sorrowful. On his

death-bed, he repented of his evil deeds and, with his dying breath, said to his ministers, "My heart is heavy because of the evil that I have done. Do not let the crown pass from my family. Send for my daughter's son who is living with the goat-herd in the forest. Crown him King when I am dead. Swear that you will do this. Swear and let me die in peace."

They swore and he died in peace. Then they went into the forest to look for the young King who was now sixteen years old. They found him sitting in the shade of a great oak tree, playing on his pipe and watching his herd of goats. He thought it was his father's herd, for he had no idea that the goat-herd was not his father. The old man had never told him who his parents really were. The young King's feet were bare, he was clothed in rags and his head was protected from the sun by a straw hat of great age. He looked as happy as his goats which were grazing peacefully around him.



The noble lords brought the boy to the palace, where there were wonders such as the goat-herd had never seen before or even dreamed of. He cried out in astonishment at the sight of so much wealth and so much beauty. From the first, he showed a strange love for all that was beautiful. He hurried to throw off his ragged shirt and trousers and to put on the rich and splendid clothes that his servants held out to him.

He was for ever wandering through the rooms of the palace, rejoicing at the lovely things to be seen there. He was often absent from the meetings of his ministers, and, when they went to look for him, where did they find him? Perhaps on his knees in front of a beautiful painting or perhaps sitting silent in wonder, holding in his hand and admiring a jewel cut in some fantastic form.

On the night before his coronation, the young King was lying in bed, thinking with great pleasure of the splendid robes that he was going to wear, of the crown sparkling with jewels that would be placed on his head and of the golden sceptre that would be put in his hand. He could see himself standing in the great cathedral, splendidly adorned, while the Archbishop himself crowned him King. Then he fell asleep and in his sleep, he had a strange dream. This was what he dreamed:

He was standing in a long, low room, with the noise of machines ringing in his ears. The air was so bad that it made him feel sick. The narrow, barred windows were shut tight and they let in but little daylight. Looking around him, he saw weavers at work. Their faces were white, their eyes weary and they looked ill. Even little children were helping with the weaving, and they were so weak from hunger that their little hands were shaking. Some were crying helplessly. The sight of them was too sad to look at, and so the young King went up to one of the weavers and stood by his loom, watching

how he worked. The weaver looked up from his cloth and said angrily:

"Why are you standing there, watching me? Have you been sent by the master to spy on us?"

"Who is your master?" asked the young King.

"Our master is a man like myself. But there is a difference. I weave fine cloth and wear clothes that are no better than rags. I live in a cellar and my life and that of my family is a slow death from hunger. He wears clothes made of the fine cloth that I have woven. He lives in luxury and is ill from over-eating."

"But you are free. You are not a slave," said the young King.

The weaver gave a bitter laugh. "Free?" he said. "Yes, free to die of hunger. In war, the strong make slaves of the weak and in peace, the rich make slaves of the poor. We work hard but they pay us so little that our lives are miserable. It is a mercy that we die young. We weave cloth of gold and we have nothing to wear, neither have our children. They are better dead. I tell you we are slaves." Here a fit of coughing made him stop for a while. He put his hand to his chest and spat blood. When he could speak, he said wearily to the young King, "What does all this matter to you? You do not care. You are not one of us — you are healthy and happy."

The weaver went on with his work and the young King saw that he was using gold thread and weaving cloth of gold. A dreadful thought came to him and he asked sadly:

"Who are you weaving that cloth for?"

"For the young King to wear at his coronation," answered the weaver and he asked again, "What does all this matter to you? What do you care?"

The young King gave a great cry and woke up. He was in his own bedroom in the palace, and through the window, he

could see the golden moon shining in the sky.

He fell asleep again and he had another dream. This time, he dreamed that he was on a great ship which was being rowed by hundreds of negro slaves. They were nearly naked and each was chained to the man next to him. It was terribly hot but they were rowing hard. They were worn-out, and the sweat was streaming down their faces and shoulders. Sweat and blood too, for an evil-looking overseer was walking up and down among them, striking at them with his whip and cutting deep into their flesh. "Faster!" he kept on shouting, cracking his whip. The master of the slaves watched with a cruel smile. He was a negro too, a man of immense size, dressed in red silk and wearing enormous rings of solid silver in his ears.

The ship anchored in a small bay. At once, the sailors seized one of the youngest slaves, took off his chains and tied a heavy stone to his feet. Then they put a basket into his hand and let him down by a rope over the side of the ship. After a short time, they pulled him up again, and he came out of the water with his basket full of oysters. The seamen took his basket, emptied the oysters out of it and began opening them in the hope of finding pearls. The young slave was given an empty basket and let down once more into the sea. Time and time again; he was let down and brought up while the seamen opened the oysters to find pearls. They found one that was big and beautiful enough to bring a smile of satisfaction even to the face of the master of the slaves. The pearl was the shape of the full moon and it shone more brightly than the morning star. But, by this time, the face of the young slave was deathly white. He fell down on the deck of the ship, bleeding from his ears and mouth.

"Dead?" said the master coldly. "Throw him into the sea." Then he looked at the pearl. "This," he said, "shall be for the

sceptre of the young King."

When the young King heard this, he gave a great cry and woke up. Through the window of his bedroom he saw that the stars were growing dim and the day was breaking.

He fell asleep again and had a third dream. This time, he dreamed that he was walking in a wood that was full of strange fruits and beautiful, sweet-smelling flowers. He walked on and on until he came to the edge of the wood. Then he saw in front of him a great number of men who were hard at work on the bed of the dried-up river. They were digging great holes in the ground and breaking the rocks with their axes. Here and there they went, shouting to one another. While he was looking, someone at the back of him touched him on the shoulder. He turned round and saw an old man who was holding a mirror in his hand.

"Who are these men?" he asked the old man. "What are they doing?"

"There has been no rain for such a long time that the people have no water and no food," the old man told him. "The wells are all dried up, and so are the streams and the rivers. These men are working in the dried-up river bed to find —"

"To find what?" the young King interrupted him, impatiently.

"Jewels — for a King's crown."

"For what King?"

"Look in the glass and you will see him."

He looked in the glass and saw his own face.

He gave a great cry and woke up. His room was flooded with sunlight and the birds were singing in the trees beneath his window.

His ministers and his courtiers came into the room and bowed low in front of him. His servants brought in the royal

robes made of cloth of gold, and they knelt before him, holding up the crown and the sceptre for him to see.

The young King looked at these splendid things and was filled with delight at the sight of so much beauty. But then the memory of his dreams came into his mind, and he said, "Take these things away. I will not wear them."

The noble lords were astonished. Some of them even laughed, for they thought that the young King was joking.

But he said again, "Take these things away I do not want to set eyes on them again. I will not wear them. This cloth was woven by the white hands of Pain. There is blood on these jewels and Death in the heart of these pearls." Then he told them of his three dreams

When the noble lords heard him, they said to one another, "He is mad. He does not know what he is saying or what he is doing. He is quite out of his mind." Then they said to the young King, "My lord, a dream is only a dream. It is nothing real and we should not pay any attention to it. What have we to do with the lives of those who work for us? Will you forbid a man to eat bread if he has not seen the labourer who grew the corn? That would not be reasonable."

The noblest of the lords said, "My lord, how are the people to know that you are King if you are not dressed as a King?"

The young King looked at him in surprise. "Will they not know me as King if I do not wear the robes of a King?" he asked

"No, my lord, they will not."

"I thought," answered the young King, "that there were men who looked like kings without the help of royal robes. Perhaps you are right. I do not know. But I will not wear these robes made of cloth of gold. I will not be crowned with this crown nor will I hold this sceptre. I will go out of this

palace just as I came into it. And now, please leave me, all of you, except one servant."

When the courtiers had gone outside, the young King went to an old oak chest, opened it and took out the ragged clothes he had worn when he was watching his herd of goats, and the stick which he had carried to defend himself against wild animals in the woods. His servant, a boy of his own age, said to him, "My lord, I see your kingly robes and your sceptre, but where's your crown?"

The young King leaned out of the window and broke off a branch from a wild rose tree which was growing just below. He bent it and twisted it into the shape of a ring, and put it on his head as his crown.

"This shall be my crown," he said.

He went out of his room and into the Great Hall of the palace, where the noblest lords in the land stood waiting to follow him in procession to the cathedral where he was to be



crowned. He mounted his horse and rode out of the palace gates. No one followed him, but his young servant ran at his side.

The crowds in the streets burst into laughter at the sight of him. "It is not the King but the King's fool," they said. "The King is playing a trick on us to make us laugh. And it is a good joke. Ha! Ha! Just look at him."

When the young King heard what they were saying, he stopped his horse and cried to them, "I am the King." And he told them of his three dreams.

They did not believe him. "If you are the King, go back to the palace and dress like one," they shouted. And some of them said, "What do you care about us? You know nothing about how we live and how we suffer. It is a trick. We are always being cheated."

"Are not the rich and the poor brothers?" the young King asked sorrowfully. He wept and a roar of anger rose from the crowd. His young servant was afraid and left him.

Soldiers were stationed at the main entrance to the cathedral and they tried to stop the young King from entering. "No one may enter here except the King," they said.

"I am the King," he answered and pushed them aside.

The Archbishop was waiting inside the cathedral, expecting the King to appear at the head of a procession. When he saw the young King entering alone and dressed as a goat-herd, he hurried forward to meet him. "My son, are these the clothes of a King?" he asked, in dismay. "With what shall I crown you? What sceptre shall I put in your hand? This should be a day of rejoicing."

"How can I rejoice in robes and jewels that come from Sorrow and Pain?" asked the young King. And then he told him of his three dreams.

"My son," answered the Archbishop, "you are too young to understand. I am an old man and I know that there is a lot of Evil and Injustice in the world. But God has made us as we are, and He is wiser than you. The weight of this world's suffering is too great for one man to bear."

"Do you say that in this house of Christ?" the young King said sorrowfully. He walked past the Archbishop, mounted the steps that led to the altar and stood in front of the ivory figure of Christ on the Cross. He fell on his knees and bowed his head in prayer.

From the street outside there came the angry roar of the crowd. The doors of the cathedral were burst open and a great crowd rushed in.

"Where is this dreamer of dreams?" cried the noble lords. "Where is this goat-herd King? Let him go back to his goats. He is not fit to rule over us."



The young King rose from his knees. He turned and faced them sadly.

The sunlight streamed in through the stained-glass window and clothed him in a robe far more beautiful than the robes made of cloth of gold. His stick suddenly blossomed and put out flowers of the purest white that were lovelier than pearls, and the wild roses on his head shone brighter than the brightest diamonds.

He stood there, dressed as a King, and the cathedral was filled with the light of Heaven. There was a burst of music from the organ and the choir began to sing. The crowd, rich and poor alike, fell on their knees and prayed.

The Archbishop laid his hands on the head of the young King. "A greater One than I has crowned you," he said, and he knelt before the young King in his glory.

QUESTIONS AND LANGUAGE PRACTICE

CHAPTER 1

THE HAPPY PRINCE

QUESTIONS

1. Why did everyone admire the statue of the Happy Prince?
2. Why had the Swallow not flown away to Egypt?
3. How did the Swallow help the needlewoman and her little boy?
4. Why did the Swallow carry the jewel to the young poet?
5. What did the Happy Prince tell the Swallow about the little match-girl?
6. What made the Swallow decide to stay with the Happy Prince for ever?
7. What "marvellously strange things" did the Swallow tell the Happy Prince?
8. Why did the Happy Prince tell the Swallow to peck off the gold that covered him?
9. What broke the heart of the Happy Prince?
10. How did the statue look to the Mayor and his Councilors?
11. What happened to the Happy Prince and the Swallow at the end of the story?

*LANGUAGE PRACTICE**A. Study this sentence:*

He looked *so* sorrowful *that* the Swallow felt grieved for him.

The meaning is

He looked very sorrowful. And so the Swallow felt grieved for him.

From each pair of sentences make one sentence, following the example given Omit the word "very"

1. The clown looked very funny. And so the children roared with laughter.
2. She felt very cold. And so she put on her coat
3. The cake tasted very nice And so I ate it all up
4. The roses smelt very sweet And so she bought a bunch

B Look at this sentence carefully

He loved him *too* much *to* forsake him

The meaning is

He loved him very much. And so he could not forsake him.

From each pair of sentences make one sentence, following the example.

1. He ate very little He could not grow fat
2. She knew him very well She could not believe him.
3. He drives very fast He is not a good driver.
4. They get up very late They cannot get to school in time

C Study this sentence

He had just *enough* strength *to* fly up on to the Prince's shoulder.

The meaning is

He had not much strength but he could fly up on to the Prince's shoulder.

Rewrite these sentences, following the example given you

- 1 She had not much money but she could buy the dress.
2. They had not much time but they were able to catch their plane.
3. We have not many apples but we can have one each
4. There were not many policemen but they could hold the crowd back

CHAPTER 2

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

QUESTIONS

- 1 Why was the Student so unhappy?
2. What was the Nightingale thinking as she listened to the Student's complaint?
3. How can the Nightingale obtain the red rose?
4. Why was the old oak tree so sad?
5. What did the Nightingale ask of the Student in return for the red rose?
6. What did the Student think of the Nightingale's singing?
7. How did the Nightingale make the red rose?
8. What did the Student say when he saw the red rose? What did he do?
9. Was the girl pleased with the Student's rose?

10. What made the girl angry? What did she say in her anger?
11. What was the Student's opinion of Love at the end of the story?

LANGUAGE PRACTICE

A. *What did she say?*

- a. She said that she would dance with me if I brought her a red rose.
- b. She said, "I will dance with you if you bring me a red rose."

Rewrite these sentences in the (a) form:

1. She said, "I will come with you if you buy the tickets."
2. He said, "I will lend you my umbrella if you bring it back to me before dinner-time."
3. Mary and Jane said, "We will ask our mother if we may come out and play with you."

B. *Study this sentence.*

The Nightingale *did not* look, *nor did* she answer.

This is the same as:

The Nightingale did not look and she did not answer.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form:

1. The sick child would not eat and she would not drink.
2. The poor woman could not hear and she could not speak.
3. Jack cannot dive and he cannot swim.
4. They did not come to see us and we did not go to see them.

C Notice the use of still and yet in these sentences:

The heart of the flower was *still* white. The thorn had not *yet* pierced the heart of the little bird.

Fill in each space with still or yet:

1. It is raining. It began at six o'clock and it has not stopped
2. Hasn't the taxi come? No, we are waiting for it.
3. He has not begun working, for he is a student.
4. He is hoping to win a prize although he has not won one

CHAPTER 3

THE STAR-CHILD

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the journey of the two woodcutters through the forest.
2. What did the woodcutters expect to find at the spot where the shooting star fell? What did they find there?
3. Why did one of the woodcutters call the other "foolish"?
4. Did the woodcutter's wife want to look after the Star-child?
5. How was the beauty of the Star-child harmful to him?
6. What happened when the beggar-woman came to the village?
7. How did the Star-child treat his mother?
8. What was the Star-child's punishment?

9. What happened to the Star-child at the gate of the city?
10. What things did the Magician command the Star-child to do?
11. How was the Star-child helped by the hare?
12. How did the Star-child help the leper?
13. How was the Star-child rewarded for his goodness?
14. Did the Star-child rule the city well?

LANGUAGE PRACTICE

A. Look at the form of this question:

What lovely weather we *are* having, *aren't* we?

Make questions out of these sentences:

1. It is still raining,?
2. They have begun writing,?
3. He smokes too much,?
4. She hasn't done her homework yet,?
5. They didn't like the film,?
6. He wants a new coat,?

B. Look at this sentence.

Life is for *the rich* and not for poor people like us.
the rich = rich people

Rewrite these sentences, changing the words underlined:

1. The life of poor people is hard.
2. There are hospitals for sick people.
3. There are special schools for deaf and dumb people.
4. We cannot help but pity blind people.

C. *Look at the tenses in this sentence*

We should have been luckier if we had died of cold.

The sentence speaks of something that might have happened in the Past

Make these sentences express the Past

1. We shall be happier if we have a holiday.
2. They will come if they can.
3. He will pass his examination if he works hard.
4. You will miss the bus if you don't hurry.

CHAPTER 4

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

QUESTIONS

1. Why was the King of Spain so sad?
2. What wonders were there for the children to see at the circus?
3. Where had the Dwarf come from?
4. What was the Dwarf thinking when he was in the garden after his performance?
5. What rooms did the Dwarf pass through?
6. Describe the most beautiful of the rooms seen by the Dwarf.
7. What did the Dwarf see in the mirror?
8. What was "the truth" that came to the Dwarf as a "terrible shock"?
9. What killed the Dwarf?
10. Was the Infanta sorry when she heard of the death of the Dwarf?

*LANGUAGE PRACTICE**A. Look at this sentence*

He played on a pipe so that the snakes twisted their heads this way and that.

Notice that the second part of the sentence (underlined) answers the question Why or for what purpose?

Find under B the right second part of the sentence whose beginning is under A.

1. Mary got up early
2. Jane saved her money
3. Susan bought a new dress
4. We took a taxi
5. We stayed at home
6. Tom borrowed a dollar

B

so that she could buy a watch.
so that she could finish her homework.
so that he could buy an ice-cream.
so that we could watch the television.
so that we could get to the station early.
so that she could look pretty at the party

B Look at the tenses in these sentences

Two Spanish lords *had found* him. He *had been running* wild in the wood.

Fill in each space with the right tense of the verb in the brackets

1. The police had caught the thief. He
 in an empty house. (hide)
2. We had watched the boys. They
 football. (play)
3. I had found my umbrella. It
 on a peg under my coat. (hang)
4. The car had broken down. It
 badly for some time. (run)

Notice the tenses in these sentences

- a I wish that I *had followed* her. (but I *did not*)
- b I wish that I *had* a lot of money (but I *have not*)

Fill in each space with the right tense of the verb in the brackets

- 1 I wish that I Mary yesterday. (see)
- 2 I wish that I so much last night (not eat)
- 3 I wish that I go home now. (can)
- 4 I am feeling hungry and wish that it dinner-time (be)
- 5 I wish that I harder last term. (work)

CHAPTER 5

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL

QUESTIONS

1. What strange thing did the Fisherman catch in his net?

2. What did the Mermaid promise the Fisherman before he would set her free?
3. What did the Mermaid sing about?
4. Why is the young Fisherman going to get rid of his soul?
5. Why did the Priest drive the young Fisherman away?
6. Why did the merchants laugh at the young Fisherman?
7. What was the young Fisherman trying to understand as he sat alone on the beach?
8. What must the Fisherman pay the Witch in return for her help?
9. Describe the stranger at the witches' meeting-place. Who was he?
10. What frightened the witches away?
11. What must the Fisherman do to get rid of his soul?
12. Where did the young Fisherman go after he had got rid of his soul?
13. Where did his Soul go to?
14. What did the Soul bring back from the East?
15. What did the Soul bring back from the South?
16. Did the young Fisherman accept the gifts that his soul offered him?
17. What tempted the young Fisherman to leave the sea?
18. What evil deeds did the young Fisherman do?
19. What made the Fisherman refuse to travel any farther with his Soul?
20. At the end of the story, what happened: 1. to the Mermaid, 2. to the young Fisherman, 3. to the Soul of the young Fisherman?

LANGUAGE PRACTICE

A. Look at this sentence:

I will never let you go *unless you make* me a promise.

The meaning is the same as

I will never let you go *if you do not* make me a promise.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form

- 1 You will never pass the examination *if you do not* work harder
- 2 She will never be strong *if she does not* eat more.
- 3 They will not go for a swim *if the sea is not* warm.
- 4 We shall not win the match *if Tom does not* play.

B Study this sentence

Big fish passed by *without his noticing* them.

The meaning is the same as

Big fish passed by *but he did not notice* them.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form

- 1 They came in *but he did not see* them.
- 2 She heard the news *but I did not tell* her.
- 3 She passed me *but I did not recognize* her
- 4 We did it by ourselves *and you did not help* us.

C Look at this sentence carefully

I *will not let you go until* you have told me the secret.

The meaning is the same as

I will let you go when you have told me the secret.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form

1. I will watch television when I have done my home-work
- 2 You will eat when you have washed your hands.
- 3 Mother will turn off the radio when she has heard the news.
- 4 Father will let Mary go to dance when she is older.

CHAPTER 6

THE YOUNG KING

QUESTIONS

1. Who was the husband of the Princess?
2. What made the old King so cruel?
3. What revenge did the old King take?
4. What did the dying King command?
5. Describe the young King as he was when the ministers found him.
6. How did the young King show his love for all that was beautiful?
7. Describe the first dream of the young King.
8. What did the young King see in his second dream?
9. What were the men in the third dream doing?
10. Why did the young King wake up "with a great cry" after each dream?
11. Why did the young King refuse to dress as a king?
12. What did the noble lords think of the young King's refusal to wear the royal robes?
13. How did the young King dress for his coronation?
14. Why was the crowd angry with the young King?
15. Why was the Archbishop dismayed at the sight of the young King?
16. Was the young King dressed as a King at the end of the story?
17. Describe the scene in the cathedral when the Archbishop crowned the young King.

LANGUAGE PRACTICE

A. *What did they say?*

Look at this sentence:

Some people said that he *was* a musician who *had* enchanted the Princess.

The meaning is the same as:

Some people said, "He *is* a musician who *has* enchanted the Princess.

Rewrite these sentences in the second form:

1. Others said that he was a painter who had been commanded to come to the court to paint the portrait of the Princess, and she had fallen in love with him at first sight.
2. They said that he was a magician who had captured the heart of the Princess by his magic powers.

B. *Look at this sentence:*

The wells are all dried up, and *so are* the rivers.

The meaning is the same as:

The wells are all dried up, and the rivers are dried up, too.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form:

1. The apples are ripe and the pears are ripe, too.
2. The boys are noisy and the girls are noisy, too.
3. Tom likes swimming and Mary likes swimming, too.
4. The man looked ill and the woman looked ill, too.
5. I have answered all the questions and Jane has answered all the questions, too.

C. *Study this sentence:*

We are *always* being cheated.

The meaning is the same as:

People are *always* cheating us.

Rewrite these sentences in the first form

1. People are always asking him to help.
2. Parents are always telling children to behave properly.
3. Shopkeepers are always raising prices.
4. Friends are often inviting Mary and Jane to parties

